

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

"Twas but yesterday we met,
Maiden fair,
And your sparkling eyes of jet
Made me stare
As you dawned upon my sight
In your gown of blue and white,
With the bow of ribbon bright
In your hair.

Yet, alas!—I fear those curls
(So 'tis said),
Once adorned another girl's
Shapely head;
While your cheeks—it gives me pain—
They would hardly stand the strain
Of a heavy shower of rain
On their red.

Still I'm smitten by your charms,
And I pine
Just to take you in my arms,
Maiden mine.
For, though some may call it folly,
Yet I only know, dear Dolly,
You should please my daughter MOLLY,
Ætat. nine.

SHAKSPEARE AND THE CROWD.

SCENE—*Her Majesty's Theatre during the run of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."*

Before the Curtain rises.

THE PIT.

A Perky Snub-nosed Young Man (with the air of one conscious of his generous enthusiasm). What I say about this place is, you may think the play a rotter, but the pit does take a lot of beatin'.

[Settles down comfortably.]

His Young Lady (reproachfully). Oh, HENRY, I'm sure the plays are lovely here. Look at that last one with Mrs. BROWN POTTER, and all that lovely seaweed in—I forget who wrote it. This of course is—*(with a reassuring glance at the programme)*—by SHAKSPEARE. You've seen a lot of his plays, haven't you?

P. S. Y. M. (adopting the grand manner). Pretty well. I saw 'Amlet' and—er—*The Rivals* in BENSON's company last year.

H. Y. L. (doubtfully). I never knew SHAKSPEARE wrote *The Rivals*.

P. S. Y. M. (quelling uneasy misgivings with an effort). Ah, you've got those new-fangled ideas in your head, as how someone else wrote SHAKSPEARE's plays.

Between the Acts.

THE GALLERY.

A Tommy. Those chaps put it away, eh, CHARLIE! My word, it's given me a bloom-in' thirst.

Severe Female. What were the police



LABELLED!

doing of in those days, I should like to know, allowing all that to go on?

Her Husband (facetiously). Go in, you mean. Why, policemen weren't invented then, my dear.

Severe Female (witheringly). No wonder they called it the Dark Ages.

THE DRESS CIRCLE.

Anxious-looking Mother. I had thought that it would give the dear girls such an educational lesson to come and see this play, but—well—it's not quite so improving as I fancied. It must have been one of SHAKSPEARE's very early efforts, don't you think?

Non-Literary Husband. Ah, perhaps so. Plenty of fun in it, and that's the thing. Not so funny as these modern farces, but worth a dozen Hamlets and all those dull talky-talky plays.

THE UPPER CIRCLE.

An Ellen-Terryite (with fervour). Isn't she too sweet for words? Her voice—her movements—her humour—always so natural!

A Kendalite (critically). Oh, she's natural enough, but *(superfinely)* her method lacks variety. Now *(graciously)* on the other hand, Mrs. KENDAL—

[They continue wrangling.]

THE STALLS.

Lady. Yes, wonderful make up that of TREE'S. You can't tell me who's in that box, can you? Splendid house; how d'ye do, how d'ye do? *(Boxes and smiles in various directions.)* Oh, how could that woman come in a frock like that! Yes, that basket was killingly funny. Did you see *Ulysses*? Dreadfully clever, I know, but really that Hades scene—after a trying afternoon with one's dressmaker too.

Male companion (frankly). Can't say I—er—care for the classic drama much. Now this—there's something about this, don't yer know, that—er—

Lady (coming to rescue). Is so thoroughly Elizabethan.

Male Companion (vaguely). Yes, quite so, quite so.

A DUKE ON "NATURE-STUDY."

As some doubts have been cast, owing to the ambiguity of its title, on the propriety of the "Nature-Study Exhibition" at the Botanical Gardens, for which the Duke of DEVONSHIRE pronounced the opening address on Wednesday last, we are glad to explain that it was not an exhibition of *études artistiques d'après la vie*, in the human sense, but of preserved specimens of still life in the animal and vegetable world, and other objects illustrative of the advantages of rural observation. The report of the Duke's speech, as given by Our Special Commissioner, differs so materially from those published by the daily papers that we print it with the utmost reserve. It is as follows:

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, rising punctually on the last note of the lecture-desk alarum, said:

My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, As President of the Board of Education, it is my—er—privilege to call your attention to a new departure (of which I am credibly informed) in the direction of rendering the education of the young in our rural districts more consonant with their environment. One cannot be too much—er—awake (*here the DUKE suppressed a yawn*) to the desirability of direct ocular investigation of the facts of Nature. Of the value of book-knowledge, already recognised by the Department, I will not speak with—er—disrespect. There are certain phenomena about which, whether they have ceased to occur or are still beyond the range of human observation, we are dependent upon books for exact information. Thus the—er—nuptials of the queen-bee, which take place, as I understand, in the neighbourhood of the empyrean beyond the reach of the loftiest L.C.C. fire-ladder, and have never been witnessed by the eye of any mortal wedding-guest, are described in very eloquent language in one of the philosophic works of—er—(*thank you*) of M. MAETERLINCK.

On the other hand, in a large, though—er—unfortunately decreasing, number of instances, the material of books has been derived from the immediate observation of facts. Second-hand information, however, while indispensable to the conduct of affairs, domestic as well as—er—political, is never so convincing as that which is derived from a study of the actual—er—objects themselves.

My own earliest—er—tastes lay in the direction of the pursuit of butterflies and the collating of the better class of beetles, or—er—*coleoptera*; and nothing short of the exigencies of a public career could appreciably have curtailed my—er—passionate predilection for a closer acquaintance with the habits and—er—manifestations of the natural world. The unparalleled stress of work which has recently been thrown upon me in my novel position as Leader of the—er—Upper Chamber (*respectful applause*) has precluded me from refreshing my memory in these—er—departments of rural knowledge. I am indebted, however, to my friend Sir JOHN AVEBURY—er—that is to say, to my noble friend Lord LUBBOCK, who not only is the author of the Hundred Best Books, but has devoted himself from time to time with an energy which commands my profound—er—admiration to the study of natural phenomena, for very kindly correcting this hiatus by supplying me with a few of his general observations on these and—er—cognate themes.

I cannot, perhaps, do better than peruse aloud the less recondite portions of the text of his—er—monograph. I have, by the way, an especial and almost—er—personal pleasure in calling your attention to his comments on the condition of coma which is natural to the chrysalis.

[*Here the DUKE began to read from the manuscript of Lord AVEBURY.*]

"It is not generally known that insects can converse with one another. The same is only less true of flowers. But

the single established instance of conversation between these two branches of the natural world is the case of the Honey-suckle and the Bee.

It has been often said that even a worm will turn; but we are seldom told in what direction it will perform this movement. In the case of a silkworm the answer is plain. It turns into a chrysalis.

Sleep has been called the restorer of Nature. YOUNG, in his "Night Thoughts," described it as "balmy." This is the reason why you should not attempt to defeat its purposes by rousing the chrysalis before its time. In due course it will wake up and become a butterfly or a moth.

Moths are of different kinds. SHELLEY spoke of "the desire of the moth for the star." Some moths have less exalted ambitions. OUIDA has written a treatise on the latter.

We have all heard of the Sensitive Plant (SHELLEY again). Yet Nature has made the lower creation less susceptible to pain than you might imagine. It is surprising how soon a daisy will pick up after being subjected to the pressure of a garden roller.

Also, I have read, in a scientific work, of a beetle that was supposed to have died under an anæsthetic, and was subsequently transfixed by a pin and secured among other specimens in a box. Yet the next morning it was found that he had got up in the night and eaten the rest of the collection. (*Cheers.*)

Still, one should not take advantage of this apparent callousness. COLERIDGE has some true words on the right treatment of "bird and beast" (including man). The case of the Ancient Mariner is a terrible warning to any who are tempted to collect albatrosses.

Chestnuts came over with WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, who gave his own title to the game which our youth plays with them. There are eating chestnuts, and there are the other kind that are not fit to swallow. The technical name for this class is *Josephus Millerius*. I hope to furnish a few exhibits of this species.

Cricket is both a game and an insect. I was once walking down the Strand in search of a late edition of the papers with news from the seat of war, when my eye was arrested by the announcement of a poster which ran as follows:

LOCKWOOD'S
GREAT
BOWLING
FEAT.

These would, of course, be fatal to any cricket on the hearth (DICKENS).

Moral and social lessons may be learned from the vegetable world. Potatoes are an exception, as they generally take their place at table with their coats off.

As an example of the better sort, you will find many flowers that naturally shut up when they have given out sufficient beauty for one day. How well for us if their teaching were followed by our Members of Parliament!"

[*Loud and prolonged applause, during which the DUKE resumed his nap.* O. S.]

Lay of the Club Scandal-monger

(With Apologies to Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Lord Chancellor" in "Iolanthe.")

"And in my Club I sit all day,
Giving agreeable girls away!"

OUR cousins in Canada have had another good salmon season. They propose to eat all they can, and to can all they can't.



WHEN LEAGUE MEETS LEAGUE.



NO FLIES.

[The house-fly is absent this summer.]

The fly has flown! But though at this
The hairless wag their heads to-day,
The nimble boy will sorely miss
His wonted prey.

The fly has vanished into space,
We miss his dear familiar feet,
And spiders say no daily grace
For daily meat!

The fly is not! And men who sell
The poisoned sheet, the sticky thread,
Must, sadly weeping, say, "Twere well
We too were dead."

The fly has gone! Thus sadly go—
We can but mutely wonder why—
The tokens that we used to know
Our summer by.

Yet there is balm for every ill;
All joy and comfort will not flee
The while the honeysuckle still
Attracts the bee.

And some may thank a lucky star
That good disguised is offered thus—
Who say in classic phrase, "There are
No flies on us."

THE NOVELTY SYNDICATE.

(By Mr. Punch's Imaginative Reporter.)

This is a remarkable venture (Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN is out of the running altogether), its aim being—in the words of the prospectus—to introduce into Art, Literature and Science, those occult methods which have brought about commercial success in such undertakings as musical comedies. What is the triumph of the new century? Musical comedy, of course, as every schoolgirl knows. And why? Because, say its admirers, it provides a light, bright and attractive form of entertainment which revives the mind jaded by worry and scurry. The Novelty Syndicate, however, claims to have discovered another and the real secret of its popularity. According to this august and potent body, the success of musical comedy is due to its unexpectedness.

For is it not the work of about half-a-dozen writers to start with? Can you guess from the choruses the probable treatment of the topical songs and duets? Can you even gauge from the tunefulness of one the melody (or want of melody, maybe) of another? Of course not! They are the work of different hands. From the dialogue you rise bewildered in your attempts to discover a special point of view: there are a dozen points of view—not to mention a good many views that have no point. We have the "book" writer, as advertised—the



Charitable Person (who has been much impressed by the erudition of a plausible cadger).
"YOU SEEM TO BE A VERY WELL-INFORMED PERSON. WHERE WERE YOU BROUGHT UP?"
Absent-minded Cadger (promptly). "AT BOW STREET, PRINCIPALLY."

stage manager—the low comedian, and so on. Are you acquainted with the dramatic unities? Are you experienced in the ways of life? Don't let this trouble you. Musical comedy has nothing to do with any probable phase of drama or life, and it only resembles—itsself. This is the secret as I have gathered it from the capitalists of the Novelty Syndicate. They intend to apply it generally. And in the first place they will run fiction on these lines.

"The publishers complain," murmured the General Manager of the Syndicate to me, "that fiction is risky and unsatisfactory from the commercial point of view. Let them wait and watch our method."

"For instance, here is a rough suggestion which the Syndicate will shortly

act upon. *Sensation, Gush and Some Glitter. A Romance of Modern Life.* Title by JOHN OLIVER HOBBS. The plot by WILLIAM LE QUEUX. Epigrams by ANTHONY HOPE, with additional epigrams by IOTA. The asterisks in Chapter XX. are lent kindly by the Antique Yellow Book Co. Adjectives specially painted for this book by CAINE, CORELLI & Co. (Unlimited). A grammatical dance of an elaborate character has been specially arranged by Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, and a few grammatical 'breakdowns' have been introduced by various popular novelists. All the punctuation appointments are by Mr. HENRY JAMES."

Other suggestions by the Novelty Syndicate will be presented in due course, but this one was sufficiently immense for my mind to grasp at once.

THE BANKS OF THE LEE.

I MET some good fellows a short time ago;
With the fire of true friendship their hearts were aglow;
And it's oh but they took of good whisky no end,
With a fist for a foe and a hand for a friend.
And my soul says, "Here's luck, wheresoever they be,
To the great men I met on the banks of the Lee."

Oh their songs on the Lee (and it's sweetly they sang),
How they went with a swing, how they closed with a bang!
They toasted old Erin, the brave and the gay,
Till the night faded out, and, behold, it was day.
And at last—oh, a louder I shall not hear soon—
Came a forty-voice chorus with twenty in tune.

If 'twas laughter you longed for or friendship you sought,
They were both to be had, but they couldn't be bought.
You were called on to pay—it was only in part—
With a laugh of your own and a show of your heart.
Oh this—and we gave it—is always the fee
That they ask for their love on the banks of the Lee.

There was one, a Chief Justice—he didn't live there,
But he came mighty grand from the County of Clare.
"Brother ANDREWS," says he, as he sat in his Court,
"I think," says old PETER, "we'll cut the thing short.
If we leave the Court now we can all of us see
The races they row on the tide of the Lee."

Another—and soon may I see him again!—
He was always on hand with a glass of champagne;
And all the blue devils that make you repine
He could drown, and he did, in a bumper of wine.
If you stopped for a moment, "I'm Sheriff," says he,
"And I'll make you drink fair on the banks of the Lee."

There was fun and diversion from morning to night,
And the smile of the girls 'twas a sunbeam for light.
Their eyes were like sapphires, their teeth were like pearls,
And it's Cork on the Lee that's the city for girls—
Oh, they spoke us and joked us so frank and so free,
That we wished to stay on by the banks of the Lee.

There was work for the glass, for the knife and the fork,
There was work for dry throats in the City of Cork;
And whatever they did at the end of their meals
There was one thing they didn't—they never tapped heels.
So here's love and good luck with a thirty times three
From the banks of the Thames to the men of the Lee.
"Tis."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Jim Twelves* (METHUEN), Mr. W. F. SHANNON has created a delightful character. Not absolutely novel in its conception, but new in several ways. *Jim* is an A.B. on H.M.S. *Pimpernel*. He finds a chum in *Malachi Eaves*, almost equally original; both redolent of the sea and the fo'castle. *Jim* is an optimist; *Eaves* a pessimist. Between them they freely discuss life on board ship, their officers, their work, and, betimes, that awful entity, a sort of deity ashore, the Adm'lty. "What's the Adm'lty for?" asks *Eaves*, in one of his moments of despondency. "The Adm'lty," said *Twelves*, slightly raising his voice so that the Admiralty might hear, "the Adm'lty is for to look after the lower deck as much as it can, because on that, wid the wardroom and the good providence of God, the kingdom chiefly depends." "Then the kingdom will be let in," said *Eaves*. There is a long story describing the A.B.'s adventures in the neighbourhood of Zanzibar. But my Baronite is not certain that the best thing in the book

is not found among the shorter tales at the end, one relating to the life and death of "A Certain Jacker."

Sladen's London and its Leaders (SANDS) is an attempt to boil down *Who's Who*, presenting it with the attraction of lower price and the addition of many portraits and illustrations. Since it was Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN who resuscitated that indispensable volume, it is obvious that no one better could take up the new task. The main idea is to give the names and addresses of the leading people in London, including officials, hostesses, Members of the House of Commons, and other "entertainers." Leading clubs and leading shops are not omitted. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

AN IMAGINARY CORRESPONDENCE.

(Which may be supposed to have passed between the Editor of the "Quarterly Review" and Mr. A. C. Swinburne when the proofs of the latter's signed article on Charles Dickens were being revised for the press.)

DEAR SIR,—In going through the proofs of your valuable article on DICKENS I came across the expression "Blatant Booby." As the application of this description to persons from whom one may differ in opinion is somewhat unusual in modern literary controversy, perhaps you might like to modify it?
Yours faithfully,

THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—I utterly and entirely refuse and decline to make or accept any change or alteration whatsoever in the expression you mention. When I think a man a "booby" I call him a "booby."
Yours faithfully,

A. C. SWINBURNE.

DEAR SIR,—In writing of Mr. ANDREW LANG's prefaces to DICKENS I see you say, "The offence becomes an outrage, the impertinence becomes impudence, when such rubbish is shot down before the doorstep of CHARLES DICKENS." Is not this rather too strong a description?
Yours faithfully,

THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—Certainly not! In this epicene age, when the cautious criticaster bedecks and beslavers the words and works of every imbecile impostor, it is utterly right and entirely necessary that such expressions should be used. A short shift and a lang drop for such fellows!
Yours ferociously,

A. C. SWINBURNE.

DEAR SIR,—In your "DICKENS" article I see you speak of "the chattering duncery and the impudent malignity of so consummate and pseudo-sophical a quack as GEORGE HENRY LEWES." You also write of the same gentleman's "insolent and idiotic impeachments." Could you see your way to toning down these expressions, as they are calculated to give pain to many?
Yours faithfully,

THE EDITOR.

SIR!—The suggestion that I should mar or modify the nervous intensity and virile vigour of my incomparable style to placate the prejudices or soothe the susceptibilities of a plethoric public is incompetent and idiotic. Nor would the public thank me for complying with that inane suggestion. To whittle away and water down my virulent vituperation and vehement invective would deprive my article of the peculiar flavour which differentiates it from the critical utterances of the groundlings. There is really nothing to say about CHARLES DICKENS that has not been said fifty times over already. All that can be done is to say it in a thoroughly trenchant manner. This I have set myself to do. And the fellow who says I have not done it is a blatant booby, an arrant ass, a preposterous pedant, and an incomparable imbecile.
Yours in a towering passion,

A. C. SWINBURNE.



GOODWOOD.

(The Modern Racing Seat again.)

Country Cousin. "LOOK, UNCLE, THERE'S ANOTHER OF THESE POOR LITTLE CRIPPLES! I SUPPOSE PEOPLE EMPLOY THEM OUT OF CHARITY."

CHARIVARIA.

We are all delighted to hear that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is about again, after his cab-accident, but he still has a large piece of glass in his eye.

Lord LANSDOWNE has made a satisfactory statement in regard to Anglo-Italian relations. It seems we still have an *entente* with Italy, even if Italy has not one with us.

General BOTHA is writing an account of the War. He has had the intention for some time past, and would have ended the war long ago but for the fact that he wished the work to run to three volumes.

The City Corporation is to give a reception to Lord ROBERTS and Lord KITCHENER. The City Corporation seems to have been not quite sure of the honesty of its guests. "A band will be stationed in the Art Gallery," said an announcement, "where as many as possible of the pictures now on exhibition will be retained."

The *Lady's Realm*, which published an account of the Coronation and adversely criticised the Gala Performance at the Opera, has paid £100 to the Hospital Fund, but properly declines to publish an apology in its columns stating that the Gala Performance was excellent.

The Naval Review is, after all, to take place, but it is hardly likely there will be so many warships present as if it had been held on the original date, for meanwhile the manoeuvres will have taken place.

Suggested new name for the Campanile
—The I-fell Tower.

CORRECTION SUGGESTED. — At Earl's Court's Paris in London Show "a splendid pageant of costume" (well worth seeing, by the way) "from 4400 B.C. to 1902 A.D." is advertised as "The 'Clou' of the Paris Exhibition." Surely not "the Clou." Wouldn't the "Old Clo'" (and New Clo' also) be more correct?

RATHER TOO THICK.

[At Limerick Assizes, BRIDGET COYNE recovered damages for breach of promise of marriage from AUSTIN THINNE. The courtship had lasted since 1873.]

AUSTIN, he had an Irish tongue,
In name and ways was slim;
Fair BRIDGET, she was very young,
And worshipped only him.

But AUSTIN pondered: "If my heart
Rogue Cupid should purloin,
And I upon the marriage mart
Could never change this COYNE?"

Three decades swiftly fled by,
And BRIDGET, growing old,
Thought she discerned in AUSTIN's eye
The COYNE he sought was gold.

They do not wed in other spheres,
And earthly life is short,
So having courted thirty years
They came at last to court.

There BRIDGET, being on the shelf,
Did coign of vantage win,
And now she fattens on his pelf
Instead of being THINNE.

THE LANGUAGE PARAMOUNT.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Henry Harland.)

THE deep knell of the dinner gong had scarcely ceased to reverberate round the stately marble and porphyry corners of the atrium of the Palazzo Gosso as SUSANNA skipped the last six steps of the alabaster staircase.

"Ecco!" she cried in a deep, penetrating, sonorous contralto.

"The evenin' peepers hev not yet arraigned," simpered a tall English footman, with the finical enunciation of flunkeydom.

She turned upon him her eyes—purple velvet, hazed with gold—with an expression in them at once beseeching and domineering, but full of raillery—or was it contempt? Then, taking from the golden salver which he held a tall amphora of lapis lazuli filled to the brim with drinking water, she suddenly raised it to her head and tilted it forward. The water leaped forth in a pellucid arc—like a rainbow all too young and immaculate to flaunt in prismatic colours—and presently the mosaic floor was flooded.

"Now we can talk—now that there's water between us!" she cried with a full rich laugh, which sounded like an impromptu by PALESTRINA (and the raillery still in her eyes—or was it mockery?) to her uncle, the old Commendatore, who stood the other side of the extemporised lagoon, turning up the bottoms of his *calzoni lunghi*.

"I am of age!" she exclaimed, on a key of petulance. "I was born at 7 P.M. just twenty-one years ago! So I'm off—*Zio mio*—to see the world!" And she waved in the air a tiny white hand which looked as if it smelt—faintly, hauntingly—of some Cardinal's snuff-box.

"*Confondete la mia parrucca!*" gasped the old Commendatore in his beard.

CHAPTER II.

The miasma which hung over the *pré salé* surrounding Craford Manor was blue with the language of the fly-man who had driven ANTHONY home from the station. He had been rewarded with a Roumanian three-franc piece.

"What men dare do—what men daily do—not knowing whom they do!" mused ANTHONY as he lowered the portcullis between himself and the irate *cocchiere*, and entered the oak-panelled hall.

"Houp-là!" sang out a rich baritone voice—and ADRIAN, ANTHONY's secretary, entered by a back somersault. He was a stout, middle-aged man, with eyes like star sapphires, and bright magenta hair. He was dressed in loosely-fitting clothes with large buttons, like puff-

balls, and he wore a white pyramidal felt hat. He gave forth a genial smell of rum—which he attributed to the fact that he had recently shaved. His face was still covered with powder—all but his little pink nose, which stood forth in contrast to the white around it, like the ace of diamonds. On the gleaming tip of it he now proceeded to balance a peacock's feather, which nodded this way and that as he ambled round the room with a peculiar gait of his own, his eyes fixed on the swaying end of the lustrous plume.

"Oh, my dearie dear!" he cried. "My popsie-wopsie! No wonder I had pins and needles all last night! You've come back—I knew you would—referred to Drawer! 'Our courteous ANTONY—whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak!' Dash my dimples! You don't know what I've done—the world knows nothing of its greatest house-agents! I've a great mind not to tell you—but I will because I'm so benevolent. I love myself with a 'B' because I am as bountiful as I am beautiful. And when I've told you, you shall buy me a bunch of brown ribbon to tie up my bonny blue eyes!"

"I can't think why you were christened ADRIAN," cried ANTHONY, on a key of expostulation. "Your name always reminds me of the clever person in *Richard Feverel*: and the contrast must be so painful for you. However, go ahead, dimple chin!" ANTHONY had inherited from a long line of ancestors the priceless gift of knowing how to talk to his inferiors.

"Go ahead," quo' he, as though one were a penny steamer!" retorted the other, making a *moue* as he spoke, and ignoring the allusion to the original ADRIAN. "But in wrath I'll remember mercy—and I'll take your curiosity off the rack. I've let the second floor back!"

"I stand dumb with admiration," said ANTHONY.

"And to a lady—a lady of title," cried ADRIAN; "la Duchessa di PAGGIO-BIANCO!"

ANTHONY quivered from head to foot and gave a low whinny. He had had an American ancestor who came over in the *Mayflower* on her return trip, and the very sound of a title gave him a definite, undefinable æsthetic sensation.

Meanwhile ADRIAN had seated himself at the Pianola, and was pouring his whole soul into the instrument by means of the side lever:

"D'ye ken JOHN LANE in his coat so gay,
Cardinal—yellow—and roses gray?"

he trolled, in his rich syrupy voice. But ANTHONY's mind was far away—in the second-floor back. And he whispered to himself, "*La donna è nobile!*"

(To be continued.)

THE TYRANNY OF TEARS.

[The *Family Doctor* declares that the action of tears on the eye is beneficial.]

DAPHNE, in tears your tyranny
You long have wielded over me.

But now at length their potent sway
I am resolved to disobey,
And from your yoke to struggle free.

Why should your weeping me dismay?

Since eyes but gain a brighter ray
And lustre—Doctors all agree—
DAPHNE, in tears.

Alas! however great may be
The relevancy of my plea,
But little does its logic weigh,
For—steel my bosom as I may—
I yield directly when I see
DAPHNE in tears!

DIARY OF A MODERN "WOMAN."

[A Sydney journal prints an essay on TENNYSON by a girl of the ripe age of thirteen. In the course of it she remarks: "TENNYSON's works are rich in legendary stories, such as the 'Lady of Shalott' and 'The Idylls of the King.' The former of these is a fairy tale I remember well in my childhood." *Daily Express.*]

POSSIBLY such examples of precocity may ere long become common, and may, indeed, extend to children of even less mature years. Should such be the case, it is possible, that, if so sacred a volume were ever to see the light of day, a modern infant's diary might be found to be something like this:—

Monday.—What thoughts crowd in on me to-day! My birthday. And I am three years old. Ah, the passing of the years! What are you growing into, you woman of three? What does your mirror tell you? Am I, I wonder, am I what the world calls beautiful? I wonder—dare I write the words—I wonder if He thinks me beautiful! Dear He! I met him this morning on the promenade. He was with his nurse, and—he smiled as we met. But it was such an enigmatical smile. I wonder if he was thinking of the old sweet days. How he used to pull my toes! Why, you foolish child, you are actually blushing! Yet why should he care? He has met lots of women in his time. Men do not live to be four and still keep young hearts. . . . But there! we women were made to suffer.

Wednesday.—I saw him to-day. Glad dear dearest day! They told me I was wet when I came in, but I had seen—felt no rain, had seen only the sun shine—my Sun. He waved his rattle to me. Oh, the music of the sound! And he said "Goo," sweetest of all words. Then he smiled! And his smile made the whole world beautiful, and the birds sang a new glad

anthem, and joy was everywhere
Ah, it was good to live to-day!
Then his nurse dragged him away, and
. . . . perhaps he has already passed out
of my life!

Saturday.—I have lost him! We
passed to-day. We were in our prams,
but though I bowed he never made any
sign. Someone—oh, bitter crushing
thought—someone has come between
us! Or perhaps his wicked nurse has
poisoned his mind against me. There
was a sinister look in her face yester-
day. Perhaps—can it be that
But no—that would be too incredible.
The old duenna! She must be nine-
teen, if she's a day!

Last night I lay in my cot and cried
my eyes out, and all for him, and to-day
he cuts me as though I
were a woman he ought not to know.
. . . . But no more tears. I will be
brave now. Next time we meet I shall
regard him with a cold stare, and
perhaps then he will feel
But what is this I am saying? Even
now I could forgive him all for one
single smile Ah! weakness,
thy name is woman!

THE LORD HIGH EVERYTHING ELSE.

[“King LEWANIKA has gone to Scotland, at-
tended by his Prime Minister.”—*Daily Paper.*]

A PREMIER where will you see
Like me?

I run LEWANIKA's whole show,
You know;

I pass legislation
For all his black nation—

I'm SALISBURY, BALFOUR and Co.,
Plus JOE,

I'm SALISBURY, BALFOUR and Co.

I make any niggers I please
C.B.'s,

And levées I've lately begun
To run,

And, to cut matters short,
I'm His MAJESTY's Court

And his Cabinet rolled into one.

My son,
And his Cabinet rolled into one.
Such a crack little Premier I,
Such a black little Premier I,
Such a quick little, slick little,
Sly little, fly little,
Spry little Premier I.

Then His MAJESTY's wives I make bold
To scold;

When the KING doesn't dare intervene
Between,

I see to their morals,
And settle their quarrels

With, “Pray do not give us a scene,
Dear queen,

O, pray do not give us a scene!”
And should the KING tire of the lot
He's got,



A QUESTION OF HEREDITY.

Hal. “IS THERE ANYTHING THE MATTER WITH THIS EGG, MARTHA?”

Martha. “OH NO, IT'S ONLY A LITTLE CRACKED.”

Hal. “OH! THEN WOULD THE CHICKEN THAT CAME OUT OF IT BE A LITTLE MAD?”

And want them less black in the hide

Supplied,

’Tis I who arrange

For His MAJESTY's change,

And a new little queen I provide

As bride,

A new little queen I provide.

Such a cute little Premier I,

An astute little Premier I,

Such a slim little, grim little,

Brave little, grave little,

Suave little Premier I.

But do not suppose that my care

Ends there;

No nursemaid more busy can be

Than me

With the black piccaninnies;

I tie on their pinnies,

And wash them all ready for tea,

You see,

And wash them all ready for tea.

And when they are slumbering deep

In sleep,

With each little curly black head

In bed,

Then I bring out a box

Of His MAJESTY's socks,

And I darn till my fingers are dead

As lead,

And I darn till my fingers are

dead.

Such a toiling wee Premier I,

Such a moiling wee Premier I,

Such a dutiful, beautiful,

Able wee, sable wee,

Stable wee Premier I.



Rec'or. "YOU'VE HAD A FINE CROP THIS YEAR, MR. GILES."

Giles. "AH, THE BEST CROP O' HAY AS WE'VE HAD THIS FIFTEEN YEAR!"

Rec'or. "WELL, IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET SOMEONE WHO HASN'T ANYTHING TO GRUMBLE ABOUT."

Giles. "I DON'T GO SO FAR AS THAT, 'E KNOW. WHY, I HAIN'T GOT A MOSSEL O' BAD HAY TO FEED THE DRY COWS WI'!"

HINTS FOR AMATEUR ARTISTS.

Of Paraphernalia.—These are quite indispensable. Any slight inconvenience caused by the carrying about of a small tent, a large palette, a complicated easel, a sketching stool, half-a-dozen canvases, a paint-box and a maul-stick, will be amply compensated by the distinction the possession of these objects confers upon you. They need not constantly be carried. Piled on the top of your travelling trunks at the railway station they should excite considerable interest, especially amongst the porters. You will of course prevent any mistake on the part of the general public as to the ownership of these articles by frequent manifestations of anxiety about

their safety. It is unnecessary to remind persons of genuinely artistic feeling that such ownership carries with it an obligation to dress in harmony with its belongings. The style of the coiffure in particular should be seen to.

Of Applied Art.—As the wall space of most houses is limited, you will not confine yourself to framed pictures. The surface of a mirror, the seat of a music stool, or the parchment of a tambourine are excellent situations for a landscape in the style of CLAUDE, an allegory after WATTS, or a realistic bunch of grapes. Take no notice of benighted people who point out that mirrors are made to reflect, stools to be sat upon, and tambourines to be thumped. Everybody knows that.

Of Portraiture.—The portrait of any friend or relative whose complacency is positively in need of shaking up may be advantageously attempted. Consideration for the sufferings of sitters will no doubt suggest to young ladies the painting of their own portraits by the aid of a looking-glass. Many great artists did this.

Of Colour.—If drawing is not your strong point, you are probably a colourist. In that case stick to sunsets and the sea. The former, as doubtless you have observed, are red and yellow, and the latter is blue and green. To a colourist unable to draw, these subjects, especially in combination, offer great scope.

Of Animal Painting.—Make copies of the stags that figure in the pictures of the late Sir E. LANDSEER. It is nearly impossible to mistake a stag for any other creature.

Of Getting Hung.—Upon all occasions when presents are customary, the gift of a work from your own brush in an expensive frame will ensure this, provided you let it be understood you intend paying the donee a visit after a short but indefinite period.

Of Finish.—Never finish anything. If you do, don't admit it.

TO A "STRENUOUS" MAID.

[*"CLARE,"* in *Truth*, alluding recently to the revival of croquet as a scientific game, remarked that it gives no time for loitering, with its subtle tactics and time limits. Old SARAH BATTLE, she added, was not more sternly set on "the rigour of the game" than is the new girl, to whatever pastime she turns her energetic attention.]

DEAR MADGE, with nerves so well controlled,

And movements vigorously bold,
With health and strength in overplus,
You're nothing if not strenuous!

What time the mid-Victorian maid
Upon the lawn at croquet played,
She did not shine—a trifter she!—
At croquet, but at coquetry!

But you, dear MADGE, have driven hence
Such dallying inconsequence;
Your prowess holds my heart in thrall,
Impetuous mallet, flying ball!

I watch at ping-pong your attack,
And tremble for my *bric-à-brac*!
In all, you have a single aim,
And that "the rigour of the game."

And yet—I trust to Time for cure—
The strenuous mood can scarce endure;
No, sweet eighteen! 'Twill pass away
In that great game you've yet to play.

That you must play—yourself the prize—
With beating heart and downcast eyes;—
Ah, MADGE! you'll be contented then
To leave "the strenuous life" to men!



INDISPENSABLE.

A. J. B-L-F-R (Manager of T.R. Westminster, to M-CH-L H-CK-S-B-CH, Leading Actor). "SORRY YOU'RE THINKING OF LEAVING US. CAN'T YOU STAY TILL THE END OF THE RUN? WE'VE GOT NOBODY ELSE TO PLAY THE PART."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 21.
—Still harping on Education Bill. Ye
Gentlemen of England who live at home

**THE LIMPET.**

It is rumoured that Lord H-lab-ry intends to
stick to the Wool-sack.

at ease, little do you know what a day's work on Education Bill in Committee means. Begins about half-past two in afternoon; goes on till half-past seven; surviving Members laid out in comatose state till nine o'clock, when they buckle to again and grind away till midnight. Well enough for some of them who steal away whilst speeches are made, coming back at sound of Division bell to run up their record in the Session's divisions. But for PRINCE ARTHUR, always at his post; for JOHN O'GORST, who shares his drudgery without the refreshment of occasional speech-making; for the Chairman of Committees, always alert, never knowing what moment he may not be called upon to answer conundrum; and for mere me, faithful among the faithless found, the experience suggests comparison favourable to a term of penal servitude.

To-night the bored Committee roused itself for a moment of mad expectancy. BROADHURST on his legs, speaking disrespectfully of the benefited clergy; suggesting dark design on the part of HUGH CECIL. His thunderous talk listened to with mild indifference till he dropped the remark, "I have brought with me a church organ."

Here was promise of sport. In flush of pleased excitement Members didn't wait to wonder how he could have got the thing down to the House, and where he had left it. At most it could only be a sort of harmonium; possibly with the *vox humana*. It is no new thing for a Member to illustrate his address by introducing samples. BROADHURST himself did it in a speech delivered some years ago. HOWARD VINCENT, pursuing his crusade against objects of domestic use made in Germany,

one night came down loaded with pans, brushes, door-mats, an assortment of cutlery, and a complete set of carpenter's tools. LYON PLAYFAIR, delivering at the Table a luminous address on margarine, temporarily fitted it up on the model of a chemist's shop.

A church organ is different, considerations of bulk hampering its removal. Yet large masses have been moved both into the House and out of it. Once a petition in favour of Missions to the Patagonians (or against the enterprise, I forget which) was rolled in with the assistance of ten stalwart messengers, whose united ages exceeded seven centuries. Then wasn't Mr. FLAVIN carried forth? Especially if scaled after dinner, he would make any barrel organ in London kick the beam. These reflections, flashing through the active mind at a quicker rate than they may be written down, encouraged hope in the breasts of Members.

"Play! Play!" they cheerily cried, whilst BROADHURST looked round bewildered, wondering what they were laughing and cheering at.

Soon disappointment followed on expectancy. "When I say a church organ," BROADHURST explained, "I mean an organ of the Church."

Very well, that's much the same thing. Finally it turned out that what he really did mean was a parish magazine, published weekly under the editorship of the Vicar. That quite a different thing, and Members, glancing angrily at the man who had wantonly raised hope of diversion, turned again to the intricacies of Clause 7.

Business done.—In Committee on Education Bill.

Tuesday night.—Two curious questions on Paper to-day. WILLIAM (not JOHN) BULL, Member for Hammersmith, wants to know when restrictions on import of Argentine beef will be removed.

"What's BULL got to do with Argentine beef?" I asked the MEMBER FOR SARK.

"Can't tell you exactly," he said; "but, you know, blood is thicker than water."

The other question stands in name of CHARLIE BERESFORD; is addressed to PRINCE ARTHUR. Wants to know "whether attention of Government has been given to need for some reinforcement of intellectual equipment for directing the forces of the Empire?"

Rather a nasty one this when you come to think of it. BRODRICK and SELBORNE, heads of the two Departments aimed at, have come to think of it, and resent suggestion question designed to convey. What further could be done in the way of intellectual equipment at the War Office and the Admiralty than was

achieved when, two years ago, the MARKISS, feeling necessity of strengthening his Government, appointed new heads to these Departments?

PRINCE ARTHUR airily replies that he "will be delighted, in any way, to increase intellectual equipment in connection with this or any other subject."

Sounds well, but on reflection perceived to signify nothing. CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, always on the spot, with extended mailed fist points out this shortcoming.

"The right hon. gentleman," he said, "has not stated what steps he will take in that direction."

"The field," PREMIER replied, with courteous bow towards the ancient mariner, "is open to such talent as may be available."

House laughed; evidently a joke here. Before the CAP'EN could think of retort courteous, SPEAKER called on next question.

On reflection, meaning of PREMIER evident. His reply was an invitation to talent to step forward. Mr. COGWHEEL—I mean Mr. COGHILL—with great presence of mind seized opportunity. Not been heard from lately. Now the time to put his patent apparatus into action and stop the machinery of the sitting. Introduction of the COGWHEEL recalling PRINCE ARTHUR's attention to him, he would see where desired talent lay, and straightway either the Admiralty or the War Office would be endowed with that intellectual equipment hankered after by CHARLIE B.

What to do on spur of moment? Here's where native talent asserted itself; intellectual equipment shone with radiant light. Mr. COGWHEEL has heard from private sources that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England and that other revolutionary person, Mr. Justice BIGHAM,

**FINANCE.**

Sir Edg-r V-ne-nt has been mentioned as a possible successor to Sir M-ch-l H-cks-B-ch.



"Some reinforcement of Intellectual Equipment for directing the Forces of the Empire."
Some of the "available talent" to which Mr. B-l-f-r so unkindly referred.
(Mr. C-g-h-l-l, Cap'en Tommy B-w-l-s, and Lord Ch-r-l-s B-r-s-f-r-d.)

have got a little game in hand. Four days in advance of Long Vacation they mean to lay down their ermine and their wig and secretly depart on a premature holiday. Whether they are going off to bathe together at Margate, whether they will spend alternate happy days at Hampstead and Greenwich, or whether they are merely going on State business to South Africa, Mr. Cogwheel doesn't know. The fact of their contemplating surreptitious departure is unquestioned, and Mr. Cogwheel, with one eye on the Admiralty, the other on Pall Mall, crying aloud for reinforcement of intellectual equipment, asks leave to move the adjournment in order to discuss as a matter of urgent public importance conduct he described as "a dereliction of statutory duty, a grave public scandal."

The SPEAKER shut him up with directions that if he wants to indict the Judges he must adopt other procedure. The House disposed to regard this as a snub. Mr. Cogwheel chuckled as he considered he had gained his object. If Prince ARTHUR was looking out for intellectual equipment with an eye to business he would know where to find it.

Business done.—Another night with Education Bill.

House of Lords, Friday night.—Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY, strolling about with dazed air, hasn't got over COUNTY GUY's behaviour of Tuesday night. He had called attention to the estimate for expenditure with respect to the repair of three small farms in the diocese of St. Asaph belonging to the benefice of Trefor Traian, Denbighshire, now in course of sequestration, and gave notice of his intention to move for papers. His topic presented and enlarged upon, he was preparing to carry out the intention of moving for papers when there suddenly flashed upon him recollection of Mr. Wegg's bargain with Mr. Boffin as related in *Our Mutual Friend*. The wealthy but illiterate Boffin engages Mr. Silas Wegg, "a literary man with a wooden leg," to read to him. The bargain is struck as far as prose is concerned. Then comes the question of poetry. "Would it come dearer?" Mr. Boffin asked. "Not being a regular musical professional," Silas Wegg magnanimously replied, "I should be loath to engage myself for poetry; and therefore when I drop into poetry I should ask to be considered in the light of a friend."

Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, looking round the historic Chamber where he

has sat for more than thirty years, wherein he has made more inaudible speeches than any other Peer, felt his breast swell with friendship. He hadn't a wooden leg; but why should Silas Wegg, an obscure balladmonger, exceed him in generosity? A sudden impulse to drop into poetry possessed him. Of course in so doing he should ask to be considered in the light of a friend.

Unfortunately, in the hurry of the moment, only two verses occurred to him. One was from the Old Hundredth Psalm; the other from "Casabianca." Some doubt remains as to which was selected. The noble Lord's lips were observed to move, and a mumbling noise echoed through the Chamber. COUNTY GUY was positive he heard the line—

The boy stood on the burning deck.

However that be, when Lord STANLEY, by sitting down, intimated that he had finished his remarks, COUNTY GUY, following in capacity of Leader of the House, protested that he could make neither head nor tail of the noble Lord's enquiry.

"I notice," he added, taking up the Orders of the Day, "that the noble Lord proposes to ask for papers. I gathered from his concluding remarks that he was reciting a piece of poetry."

The Peers tittered. STANLEY OF ALDERLEY still lamenting this flippancy. How different was Silas Wegg's reception by the large-minded Boffin when he dropped into poetry!

Business done.—Estimates.

HORACE FOR GOLFERS.

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus."

JONES, my boy, your barbarous innovations

Ought to be prohibited (save for ladies)—

Mischievous new-fangled abominations!
(Topped it, by Hades!)

Cleeks with leather faces I can't away with—

(Well, perhaps th' expression was hardly biblic),

India-rubber balls are the deuce to play with—

(Caddie, my niblick!)

I despise with loathing I cannot utter
Yankee toys—(I've stinied you there,
you rascal;

Now produce that new aluminium
putter!)

Such as the Haskell.

* * * * *
JONES, the song I've sung was conceived in sorrow;

Therefore this advice to its tail I affix—
Whatsoever metre you choose to borrow,
Heu, fuge Sapphics!



That dear old Mrs. Wilkinson (who can't always express exactly what she means to say, meeting Jones with the girl of his choice), "AND IS THIS YOUNG LADY YOUR FIASCO, MR. JONES?"

A FEW DON'TS FOR HOT WEATHER;

OR, HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Don't run after a stranger's hat when blown off, unless it is a better one than your own.

Don't run up hills or bills.

Don't run down the War Office—it will run down of itself, if left to time.

Don't run to seed—in fact, don't run at all.

Similar violent exercise should be avoided; therefore

Don't *strike* a bad bargain or a faulty balance.

Don't *push* or *drive* an argument to a false conclusion.

Don't *drag* the word "strenuous" in everywhere—we can't all be ROOSEVELTS.

Don't *jump* together in this temperature, not even if you are a great wit.

Don't *rush* into print—except with good advice, as at present.

Don't *roll* logs—let the other fellow do that.

Don't *throw* good money after bad.

Don't *cast* reflections on your wife's appearance.

Don't *hurl* abuse at the actors if you dislike the play.

Don't *fall* in love.

Don't *break* a promise or an engagement—that is the young lady's privilege.

Don't *burst* into poetry—it always gets laughed at in Court.

Don't *heave* sighs at your ladylove.

Don't *ride* a hobby to death.

Don't *plunge* into a reverie or a train of thought.

All these activities and displays of energy will induce an increase of temperature, and are accordingly to be eschewed now that the dog days are close at hand.

QUELQUES SHOWS À VOIR IN BOND STREET.

ANYONE who has been lucky enough to escape being blinded by flying particles of wood-pavement by day, and by blinking electric advertisements by night, may ensure a quiet half-hour's enjoyment by dropping out of the bustling tide of New Bond Street into the fascinating "back-water" of the Woodbury Galleries. Here he may renew acquaintance at first-hand with the drawings of G. R. HALKETT—no stranger to Mr. Punch's readers—whose "Seats of the Mighty," with their marvellously ingenious fret-saw work, constitute a collection of furniture which must be the envy of Tottenham Court Road, and surely entitles him to rank as the SHERATON or CHIPPENDALE of caricature. His style is vigorous and telling, and he has an artistic quality in his work which some of his brother caricaturists, more simply rollicking and oblivious to technique, no doubt envy him. This is well seen here in some bold drawings on dark paper relieved with "wash," which appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

In the same Galleries Mr. HARRY FURNISS has brought together with characteristic energy and timeliness a happy collection of his political drawings under the title of "The Two Premiers." Coming at the moment when the mantle of leadership passes from the burly figure of Lord SALISBURY on to the slimmer shoulders of Mr. BALFOUR, and dealing largely with these two men-of-the-hour, this little exhibition may well hope to profit by their popularity. Perhaps the most powerful drawing is one showing the Army bound up in the tentacles of Red Tape. A sketch of Lord SALISBURY, drawn on the day of his retirement, is excellent as a likeness, and there is an interesting prophetic picture, which appeared in Mr. Punch's pages several years ago, of Mr. BALFOUR, made up as his uncle, and succeeding to the

Premiership. Some of the best of Mr. FURNISS's drawings in the Japanese manner are also included. As an additional attraction the management has provided a "haunted room" at the end; at any rate our emissary came out after a brief visit, with his hair, such as remains of it, rigidly on end, and a settled conviction that he had seen ghosts.

RÉCITATIONS À LA MODE.

THE concert? Oh, my dear, just heavenly! I *did* enjoy myself. But where were you? I thought you said—oh, well, I wish you *had*. You don't know *what* you missed. Unless you've heard What happened? Oh, dear, no, not KUBELIK, Sweet creature! Yes, of course he played. Oh, no! It wasn't *him*. That French girl. What's her name? That's it. Yes! Well, you know, when she recites, One never knows what's coming next,—at least, Unluckily—quite so—one always *does*! Of course you've heard her? But, my dear, you *must*! She's simply killing! No, no! Never that! Only Parisian. Such abandonment! So *dernier cri*. But, yes! *au bout des ongles*! And yet one has a feeling all the time It isn't quite—exactly!—*comme il faut*. No doubt it's insular, but—yes, of course! It isn't for oneself, it's—yes, one's girls! That's what I mean. And dearest ANGELA Was with me, all in white: the sweetest thing From PAQUIN'S. Just adorable she looked. And, though she's such a darling innocent, She knows as much as I do. Yes, indeed! It's really excellent—her French. In fact I knew That if she heard her she would understand— But every word! So what was I to do? My dear! Go home? We *couldn't* possibly. Oh, no! The thing was charmingly arranged. We sent them all away—the girls, I mean— Into another room, while Whatshername Recited. Who? The Bachelors? What do you mean! They *stayed*, of course. Why, think, how different— They're more like *us*. You see, they *understand*! You dear delightful Granny! Come with me—I'm off to see her now. I've got two seats. No? Well, I must. Bye-bye! I'm in the vein.

"A GREAT SWIM BY HOLBEIN."—This heading in the *Daily Chronicle* must have caused a stir among Art collectors. "Why," writes an indignant correspondent, "Why is not this picture in our National Gallery? Who, I ask, is responsible for such an oversight? I have walked through the galleries and noted every picture in the catalogue, but not one entitled *A Great Swim*, by Holbein, can I find."

SPEAKING of the charms of Corea, the *Daily Express* says, "There is no such thing as a novel or newspaper in the land. No regular story-writer is known to have lived there for 1000 years." Mr. Punch would be glad to receive fair warning of any other country where they live as long as that.

O SAY NOT NÉE.—One so seldom hears of an entire house being married all at once that there is a peculiar interest in the following advertisement taken from the *Western Morning News* :—

PLEASE NOTE our Address now is 5, Bedford Street (see [sic] 49, George Street).

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

VII.—THE NOONDAY GARDENS.

It is blazing hot—one o'clock on a July afternoon. There are blisters on the wooden doors by the turnstiles, and the bored janitors admit us with an air of hardened resignation. The Great Wheel revolves relentlessly with empty cars, forcing upon us mingled thoughts of the poetry of motion and Somebody's Malted Milk. A stall-girl by the bridge mechanically comprises us both under the cognomen of "WILLIE," inviting attention to brooches. The band has not yet started in the Gardens; the chairs are almost empty, save for an occasional newspaper-reader and some sparse needle-workers. The sun beats down upon a yellow Sahara of café-tables with their dozing waiters. The Welcome Club is a prairie of empty chairs.

We pass into Elysia. The first shade we meet is a tired man whose lot it is to stand upon the threshold of the Liliputian Ménagerie. From within are heard the strains upon a piano of a three-year-old coon song. The Educated Birds, we are assured, are pronounced by Press and Public to be the best and most original attraction in Elysia. O spirit of Virgil! The piano ceases, and a melancholy audience of three makes its way out into the sun.

"Commence again in a few minutes," announces the tired man; "secure your seats, ladies and gentlemen."

A few people wander past him with a stony stare.

"Finest baby wolf in Europe!" calls the tired man wrathfully at their retreating backs; but they hurry on, intent on the Epicurean joys of lunch at the Automatic Buffet.

"Created a furoar in Paris," mutters the tired man, with fatigued disgust.

A mournful giant in top boots issues spasmodic invitations to a French Musical Ride, pronounced by Press and Public to be the most original attraction in the Exhibition.

"All thoroughbred 'orses," he announces in the direction of distant wanderers; he seems to have reached the stage at which he neither hopes nor cares any longer for success. Outside the Oriental concert room we encounter the first signs of vitality in the person of a swarthy man in a red cap, superior alike to the heat and to the sinister proximity of the St. John's Ambulance "in case of sudden illness." The tone of his invitation seems to indicate that he is quite ready to use force, if necessary. After this it is a relief to come to the Distorting Mirrors, whose guardians merely deliver a mechanical persuasion and relapse again into apathy.



"I SAY, BILLY, 'ERE'S A GIPSY! LET'S 'AVE OUR FORTINS TELLED!"

Further on a little group of warm people has collected round an energetic Hindoo on a platform, who is making a surprising noise in an unknown tongue, aided by a small drum. The Hindoo embarks upon a conjuring trick with a cap and an egg, continuing in the meantime his shrieks and gibberings. The group watch the course of the conjuring with a kind of blasé scepticism. Eventually he banishes the egg from the cap and produces it from a niche in the wall. There is a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the crowd; the Hindoo accordingly supplies the applause himself. Noticing defections he again applies

himself to his drum, at the same time rousing a man in evening dress, asleep at the foot of the platform, who, finding the crowd made, ascends a chair and delivers an encomium upon the attractions within. Once the ladies and gentlemen see them they will be one and all a walking and talking advertisement. They are pronounced by Press and Public to be the most original attraction in the Exhibition.

The speech ends, and the ladies and gentlemen, unambitious of these hopes, begin to melt away.

"Not that way, ladies and gentlemen," calls the orator, with a sad smile, "but this. This is the way in."



Auntie. "DO YOU LOVE THE CHICKENS, DEAR?"

Dolly. "YES, AUNTIE. BUT I DO WISH THIS BIG ONE HADN'T SUCH A FUNNY LAUGH!"

There is no response, and he addresses himself to a little group of lingering soldiers.

"Everyone in uniform is half-price to-day," he tells them.

They look at each other sheepishly and drift away. An elderly gentleman remains, gazing dubiously at the entrance. The Hindoo joins the orator in honeyed persuasion, and the solitary gentleman, finding himself the cynosure of attention, retreats in confusion.

"That," observes the orator to the Hindoo, "is all right, isn't it?" And, climbing down, goes to sleep again at the foot of the platform.

We depart from Elysia, the voice of the tired ménagerie-keeper still enquiring if there are any more for the Wonders of the Jungle.

It is very hot in the Imperial Court, and the band is not yet playing. The same sense of general dreariness prevails. Even the bars are almost empty. A mother has laid her sleeping infant at length upon a crimson couch, and is fitting an india-rubber comfort between its lips. A gramophone belches forth a nasal love song into space. The Green Dragon is lumbering slowly round the gardens with a sparse freight. A few couples, their features marked by a stoical resignation, are being taken round the lake in small launches. By a sudden inspiration we pay sixpence to take a trip along the Styx, and a cockney Charon pilots us lazily through Hades. It is the first time we have felt cool.

And so we stroll back again into the Western Gardens, conscious of a strange discordance in everything. There is a certain indecency about the place seen

by glaring sunlight; we receive the impression of a gas jet flaring in the day. Yet there is something vastly human in the way this great pleasure takes its mood with the hour of the day. Even now, as we make our way out through the Western Gardens, the place is beginning slightly to awake from its mid-day siesta. The stand begins to be dotted with scarlet bandmen. Already we sight the vanguard of the gay company that will hold revel here in the cool of the evening. Meanwhile, hot and dusty, we drag our tired feet towards the turnstiles. The mechanical voice of the same stall-girl still invites passing WILLIES to buy a brooch for their sweet-hearts. We push the heavy turnstile forward, and taking advantage one behind the other of the narrow strip of shade thrown by the wooden wall on to the gravel path beyond, make our weary way out into the street.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

(Extracts from the *Daily Illuminator*.)

FROM all over the country come reports of curious atmospheric phenomena which have been noticed during the last few days. At the time of the Martinique disaster it will be remembered that we advised our readers that the after effects would probably be noticed in our island, and the communications from correspondents which we publish below more than verify our prediction.

A remarkable sunset has just been witnessed by a correspondent in Upper Sloshington. He had been celebrating his birthday with a few friends, and as he was returning home he distinctly saw two suns sinking slowly towards

the horizon. We regret that we cannot furnish our readers with other details of this unusual phenomenon, as, after dispatching his communication to us, our correspondent called the attention of a policeman to the spectacle, who immediately placed him in the lock-up on the ridiculous assumption that he was intoxicated. When will our authorities learn to refrain from placing every possible obstacle in the way of scientific enthusiasts?

While on this subject our readers will learn with interest that a sunset of peculiar beauty was witnessed last night at Long Tiddenham. An eye witness states that towards eleven o'clock in the evening what appeared to be a tongue of fire darted across the western sky. With extraordinary rapidity the whole heaven seemed to change from grey to orange and from orange to crimson, relieved here and there by clouds of a dark substance, which we take to have been volcanic dust. We had hoped that our correspondent at Beorminster, which stands on a slight eminence twenty miles due west of Tiddenham, would have supplied us with further details. Unfortunately, however, his attention was entirely occupied by a terrible conflagration which broke out at about that hour in a large oil-store. His account of this disaster will be found on another page.

BALLADE OF THE DILETTANTE.

At Matinées and Picture Shows
I gaze about with languid air;
The newest "Art," the latest pose,
I greet alike with frigid stare.
Your modern trash I well could spare;
For me the status that is "ante,"
And quaintly mediæval fare—
In short I am a dilettante.

I sport the choicest ties and hose;
My orchid is beyond compare;
My hat and boots alike disclose
Æsthetic taste and judgment rare.
On Eastern gems or Sèvres ware,
On MICHAEL ANGELO or DANTE,
To contradict me few will dare—
In short, I am a dilettante.

In politics my deadly foes
Are folks with elongated hair,
Who prate about the workman's woes,
And drag discussion everywhere;
Who want my surplus wealth to share
With cads who call a house a "shanty";
At fools like these I only glare—
In short, I am a dilettante.

Envoy.

My liege, of trifles light as air
My knowledge is by no means scanty,
But honest work I cannot bear—
In short, I am a dilettante.